

TRENTON

S. P. DUNHAM & CO., TRENTON, N. J.

This is a Great Christmas Store.

There is scarce any other word that fits it better than "great." Think of thirteen great stores combined, situated in the heart of the city, convenient to your reach from all street car lines; every car line passes our doors. Think of nearly two hundred employees. Think of the work that we have been doing in your behalf for the past six months. Many of the perplexities—many of the difficult problems can be solved easily here.

Celluloid Novelties.

Many of the new celluloid goods are mounted in burnished gold, and the collection of them is a bewildering one.

Glove Boxes, 40c. to \$1.00.
Handkerchief Boxes, 50c. to \$1.00.
Collars and Cuff Boxes, 50c. to \$1.00.
Smokers' Sets, 40c. to \$1.00.
Jewelry Cases, 50c. to \$1.00.
Thermometers, 40c.

Hand-painted Opal Novelties, 10c to 99c

High-Art Bohemian Glass.

With not a penny extra to pay for the painstaking, careful gathering of this artistic popular Christmas novelty.

Bohemian Glass Vase, decorated in burnished gold, 11 inches high, \$1.75.
5, 6 and 7-inch Bohemian Glass Rose Bowls, decorated in burnished gold, 50c, 90c and \$1.25.

And then Bohemian Glass in bon-bon boxes, liqueur holders, jewel cases, jewelry trays, scent bottles, trays and jugs, exquisitely decorated in gold, 10c, to \$2.00.

Sterling Silver Goods.

Sterling-mounted Silver Boxes, 25c. and 80c.
Glass Silver Boxes, with silver nickel tops, 30c.
Silver Trays, with silver nickel tops, 50c.
Sterling Trays, 75c. and \$1.
Sterling Shoe Boxes, 25c. and 50c.
Sterling and Gold-mounted Sugar Spoons, \$1.50.

Sterling-mounted Paper Cutters, 15c and 25c.
Carving Knives, sterling mounted, 50c.

Games and Toys.

Cartloads of them—miniature mountains. A big section of the basement holds enough Toys and Games today to stock a wholesale house.

Games, 10c to \$2.75.
Toys, 5c to 50c.
Rocking Horses, 80c. to \$6.

S. P. DUNHAM & CO.,

BROAD AND STATE STREETS,
TRENTON, - - N. J.

Cullytown Steam Grist Mill.

Flour, • Feed • and • Lumber.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Cedar Rails, Cedar Ladders and Cedar Arbor poles.

Highest cash price paid for RYE and BUCKWHEAT.

A. B. Shoemaker.

G. A. Hussey,

THE WIDE-AWAKE BUTCHER.

Is prepared to buy all kinds of Dressed Poultry, Calves and Hogs at the highest market prices. It will pay you to visit his market before buying or selling elsewhere.

This year's Christmas display of all kinds of POULTRY at his market will surpass all others. No Western, but all fine selected country poultry. Come early and select your Christmas Dinner, where you get the best. There is a choice one for everybody.

Attention, Farmers!

Sausage will be ground every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at \$1.00 per hundred pounds or in smaller quantities.

G. A. MUSSEY, Prop.

DORRANCE STREET MARKET.

ELLIS COMFORT,

Cor. Dorrance and Cedar Streets.

HORSES
CARRIAGES
STAGE LINES

to hire.

Carriages for Weddings and Funerals.

PRIMITIVE MAN AND FIRE.

Why the Savage Beasts Did Not Annihilate Human Life.

If, as seems probable, the animal form of man was acquired and is not material to their minds, it is not very clear how the very early tribes of men, who were larger and more numerous than now, escaped destruction and survived long enough to impress on the animal world the sense of fear by which man now dominates it. Regarded merely as a contest between one class of animals and another, the result should not have been doubtful. Man ought to have disappeared from the face of the earth, or, in any case, to have retreated to some stronghold in regions not frequented by the beasts. That he did not do so, but turned the tables on the better equipped offensive creature, is a fair presumptive evidence that original man never was on a level with the animals in intelligence, but was equipped with the predominant brain power which has put him ahead in the race ever since.

Primitive man, literally speaking, "lived by his wits," for he could have owed his survival to little else. He was not, for example, nearly so well equipped as the monkeys for physical defense or flight, though their survival is not altogether easy to explain on purely physical grounds. Their power of using their arms and hands as a means of springing rapidly from branch to branch gives them an advantage over all the tree-climbing cats. Their habit of throwing missiles is also very disconcerting to other animals, though this art is only practiced by certain monkeys.

But their rapid and intelligent combination for defense, menace and lookout duty has contributed quite as much to their survival as their speed and activity. In tropical America even the monkeys are hard put to it to escape the attacks of such active and formidable foes as the hairy eagle and the ocelot. But it cannot be proved that even the most debased or physically weakest of mankind has ever been the "natural prey" of that "natural enemy" which, according to Sir Samuel Baker, is the nightmare of nearly every species of non-carnivorous animal.

The causes which make exceptions to this rule (temporary and narrowly local. Even the Greenlanders and the Eskimos are the masters of the polar bear, and probably always have been, though little better armed than primitive man, and the pigmies of the Central African forests are mighty hunters. It may even be that the neighborhood of these animals aided the early development of man, for the least developed races are largely found in such places as Sierra del Fuego, where, in the absence of savage beasts, a man had no inducement to arm and equip himself.

But man has had an even more potent ally than his own ingenuity which from remote antiquity has invested him in the mind of the animal world with something of the supernatural. He is ever accompanied by the one element which the animal mind cannot create, cannot understand, stands in constant awe of and dreads by night, when its courage is greatest and that of man least steady. Fire, that pillar of cloud and flame which precedes not the aggregate human host, but the smallest fragment of the invading army, the constant and dreaded harrowing and human presence, springing up as the beasts must think, automatically from the earth wherever man rests his body, guarding him in sleeping and waking, always associated with his abode, has for ages terrified the beasts.—London Spectator.

Scot is the equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon word "scout," meaning taxgatherer. Therefore "scot free" originally meant "free from the payment of taxes," and now it has become a general expression for freedom from anything.

Xmas Novelties.

Blooming Plants

in variety for Xmas, suitable for presents. Also Xmas Trees, Laurel Wreathing, Holly, etc. Also, Roses, Carnations and Cut Flowers of every description in stock.

J. T. DeWITT,
FLORIST.

Pond street, above Walnut.

IN PURCHASING

HOLIDAY GOODS

DON'T FORGET THE

CHRISTMAS TREE.

We have a fine stock of these; also large assortment of Christmas Trees, Branches, Vines and Boughs, suitable for ornamentation or shade. Order by phone or mail.

THE WM. H. MOON CO.,
Morrisville, PA.

Telephone No. 419, Trenton.

For One Week Only.

A 15c. Guaranteed Tooth Brush, (several styles to choose from), and one bottle Oriental Myrrh Tooth Wash for 25c.

EMLEN MARTIN,
DRUGGIST.

218 Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Where for "The Story of the Philippines" by Mark Hatteld, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at Manila, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanzas for agents. Briefs of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low price. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial offers. Outfitted. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago, Oct. 27-161.



HOW TOMMY CAUGHT SANTA CLAUS.

TWO BACHELOR GIRLS
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JEFFREY M. WAINWORTH.

Copyright, 1898, by the author.

A

S ONLY one Christmas

dinner is possible in 365

days, I suppose some

latitude is permissible.

"Oh, but Nan, if the sum total

of us, we can score out the things we

are not particularly addicted to."

"Precisely would you to show that

we are only addicted to oatmeal, tough

steaks and moidy crackers. Here goes!"

The lamp had been lighted and placed

on the little center table. By its light a

bachelor girl's den was made visible—a

small flat, artistically cluttered with

every conceivable article of inconceivable

utility. The most interesting furnishings of

the little flat were the two bright faces

which came in close contact over the

which their Bernadette feast was spread.

The faces belonged respectively to Miss

Nan Heywood, stenographer and type-

writer for a big firm of lawyers, and Miss

Dodo Stone, who gave a studio lesson for

a living and wrote homelike letters for

pastime. The pencil was in Miss Hey-

wood's hand.

"Celery, of course. The eating of celery

on Christmas day is compulsory. Twenty-

two cents."

"Oh, Nan, won't that be a great quantity?"

"We are to have two invited guests.

Their celery capacity is represented by x-

unknown quantity."

"But we are not going to invite com-

ments. The idea was that each one of us

was to invite some one more friendly

and lonely than ourselves, so as to—"

"Exactly. Don't choke, please, Dodo.

Whom are you one of the catenae spitter

I know you are getting homesick. I have

already invited my guest—old Mrs. Stone,

paper wrapper and envelope director for

those atlas makers. You should have seen

her poor old bleared eyes when I invited

her to come take Christmas dinner."

Dodo sighed evily. "I have not

made my selection yet. I am halting be-

tween a lame girl I buy my evening pa-

per from and him."

Nan held the pencil suspended. A

heavy footfall sounded on the uncarpeted

floor over their heads. Some one was

moving about in the flat over their heads

with the ponderous slowness of an old

man.

"What we don't know him; never even

saw him."

"Yes, but you know our Christmas din-

ner is hardly what you call a social func-

tion. The Jan-

tor's wife always

speaks of him as

the 'lonely gen-

tleman.' She says

he plays an organ

somewhere. And

then your old friend

Stone would make

it perfectly prop-

er."

"It would not do at all," said

Dodo. "He is stoutly

and she fell to work

energetically on

the bill of fare.

"I've got the

cucumber down."

"Mine please!"

"Nancy Heywood, you are crying all

over that menu. Give me the pencil."

"Mamma used to make such lovely

mince meat, and I used to help her!" Nan

sighed in explanation.

Dodo pointed the suspended pencil

tragically at her. "And you are breaking our

contract."

"Not to allude to home Christmases or

our own people? I know it—I know it—

but—"

"Think about Mrs. Stone, Nan. It is

much safer."

Dodo's own voice was not perfectly

steady, and on the pad, under the word

"cranberries," she absently scrawled

"darlingness of mother." She laughed

hysterically. "Our menu is getting badly

mixed up with sentiment. Let us return

to our."

"Turkey, of course."

The menu finished, Dodo pushed the

pad away and laid down the pencil. "Well,

I suppose it will be the latest paper girl."

"It can't be him, Dodo. That is simply

put out of the question."

The typewriting maid was o'er'drawn

the little music teacher by several years.

She also was not so pretty. Indeed she

was plain. The two things fitted her for

household.

"But Christmas, and in His Name! It

is not as if we were inviting any one for

company's sake, Nan."

Dodo was very pretty. She had a sweet,

sensitive mouth, large, innocent blue eyes

and the blondest brown hair in the world.

Her figure was of those trim, compact

ones whose symmetry not even a shirt

waist could destroy. Nan looked at her

reflectively.

Dodo was not so exceedingly pretty,

it might not be so unfeasible to have that

lonely, heavy foot

of organist come

down stairs to a

Christmas dinner.

But a man never

'out aged' his

concord, and he

might presume on

it.

Christmas came, and there was an

unwonted crack-

ling up and down

on its ropes of the

dingy dumb wait-

er that did duty

for the entire

building. Nan had

gone out early af-

ter breakfast and

come back with a green wreath that had

a red star in its center. Almost every

window in sight had its green wreath with

a red star for a heart. Dodo was the

oburgess of the twin. As she placed her

Sunday hat with a long pin she settled

the dinner hour with Nan.

While they were talking the man over-

head was walking to and fro with scab-

bled muffled restlessness, which Dodo de-

clared got into her nerves. Then they

heard a door open and the same footfall

pau down the lobby.

"I suppose the poor fellow has gone off

to play peace on earth and good will to

toward man to a church full of rich people

who don't care a copper whether he has

a crust of bread today or not."

Nan looked at her severely. "Upon my

word, Dodo, I wouldn't let my imagination

run entirely away with me just be-

cause a man over our heads is given to

pauing all day and night. That is the

punitive wife called him the 'lonely gen-

tleman.'"

When Dodo got back from church, Nan

put her in charge of affairs while she made

one of those mysterious expeditions of

which Christmas day is always pre-

lude. When she came back, Dodo was stand-

ing by a table in the kitchen staring tra-

gically into an open paper bag.

"Come look at this, Nan," she said

gravely.

Nan walked toward her with apprehen-

sive quickness. Of course something had

gone wrong with the dinner.

"A tin pan with baked beans and pork

in it? Why, we never ordered any beans!"

Of course, and Dodo was the dumb

waiter, and there were just two bags on it.

I grabbed the one nearest to me, for I'd

left the sauce for the plum pudding stim-

mering on the stove, and the waiter went

on. So he took only up higher up than

we so gave got his Christmas dinner."

"And he's got our plum pudding?"

"Oh, well, let it go! A miserable little

canned pudding—I hope he will relish it."

"But perhaps he prefers beans and

pork."

Dodo put out her hands tragically.

"Don't speak of them. I came home

in such a sublimated frame of mind! Such

madness as I have heard of! Nan—I mean

the organ solo! It came over me like the

swelling anthem of solemn ocean waves.

I always cry at the sound of the sea. If I

could find out who played that solo, I

would pay him all I make in a year to

teach me the organ. It lifted me clean

News of the County

Special
Correspondence
From Near-by
Towns.

DOYLESTOWN.

The prospect that Doylestown would some day become quite a trolley centre is about to be fulfilled, at least so far as three points of the compass are concerned. How soon other spokes to the railway wheel of which the county seat will be the hub nobody can say at present, but there is no doubt that other lines will be projected. An extension of the proposed route of the line from Quakertown to Doylestown was filed in the Recorder's office here on Saturday. The minutes of the company provide for a road passing through Perkams, Silverdale and Dublin. With this project already launched and a line in course of construction from Newtown and the Willow Grove road already in successful operation the citizens of Doylestown, and in fact the citizens of the whole county, may congratulate themselves upon the progress that has already been made. So quickly has all this been accomplished that its significance is hardly realized, and the people have accepted the improvements as a matter of fact, whereas great demonstrations would have accompanied such achievements in the past. With the three roads specified in operation it will not be long before the demand will be made for a line from Doylestown to some point on the river, and it would not be a surprise if the effort were made to secure communication with New Hope. The road from Newtown and the upper end will mean a considerable saving to the taxpayers in the matter of mileage, probably one third, if not more.

Speaking of the taxpayer suggests that there is an interesting newspaper fight going on at the county seat in which every citizen who contributes towards the settlement of the county's bills is interested. The Doylestown Intelligencer the other day addressed a communication to the County Commissioners notifying the members of the Board that they would be expected to give out the public printing by contract during the ensuing year. In notifying the Commissioners of their duty the Intelligencer took occasion to pay its respects to the Doylestown Republican, referring to the fact that the last Board of Commissioners had been obliged to refund \$700 to the county for printing bills paid to the Republican, and which the latter paper had made good to the Commissioners. The Republican retorted by calling the attention of the Commissioners to the fact that the county might save a large sum of money annually by running its own electric light plant as suggested by Judge Yerkes recently. The editor and some of the stockholders of the Intelligencer are prominently connected with the company which furnishes the light, and for which the county now pays about \$900 per year. The Republican charged the Intelligencer with studiously avoiding the light question while discussing economy in public expenditures, and thus the matter stands. The company now furnishing the light pays a good dividend on its capital invested, and to lose the patronage of both county and borough would be a serious matter. It is said that a large saving could be effected by the county and borough should they decide to operate their own plants.

The Monument House, one of the leading hotels of the county and of Doylestown, changed hands Monday, when the house was transferred from Charles H. Heist to George W. Ott, of Buckingham. Ott purchased the property some time ago, but the formal transfer was not effected until Monday. There were several parties anxious to buy the hotel, as it is regarded as an extremely valuable property. While the sum paid for it has not been made public it is estimated that the consideration was \$88,000. It is safe to say that it was not much below that figure. The public will regret that Charles Heist is going out of the business, as he was a very popular landlord, but Mr. Ott is also a genial host and has had considerable experience in the business, having been proprietor of the Ottaway House, at Centreville, for a number of years. He intends to make a number of improvements about the hotel and will no doubt conduct a first class inn.

That the holiday season is at hand is evident from the display of Christmas goods now decorating the windows and counters of local merchants. There are several large establishments in Doylestown which make a very creditable display each year for a small town. The extent of the stock in one or more stores suggests the great changes that have taken place in this direction in comparatively recent years. Twenty or thirty years ago such stores would have occupied a conspicuous place even in a fair sized city.

The public schools will close for the week's holiday and services will be held in the various churches. Christmas is thus discernible in the very atmosphere, and before another week passes the express company and postoffice officials, as well as other carriers and individuals, will have all they can attend to to meet the rush of business that always precedes this greatest of the annual festivals.

County Treasurer-elect William H. Wolery is ready for business. Mr. Wolery has taken the oath of office before Recorder Wright, and has filed his bonds to the State and county with the Bucks County Trust Company as security. The bond was approved by the Commissioners at a meeting on Monday, and the certificate of election was also sent to the Auditor General. Mr. Wolery has appointed Henry G. Fell, of Buckingham, as his deputy. Mr. Fell has been in this position under Treasurer Stover, and is thoroughly conversant with the duties of the office. He has made a popular deputy and his appointment will give general satisfaction.

John T. Fish, Register of Wills-elect, is also getting in shape to take hold of that office on January 1. Mr. Fish has resigned his position as Assessor of Falls township and Charles H. Walton has been appointed his successor. The present Register, C. S. Gulick, will assist Mr. Fish for a time.

W. Henry Smith, the progressive dry goods and notion merchant, of Bristol, is continually looking out for the comfort and good service of his large list of customers. His store is known as a reliable store, where nothing is misrepresented and satisfaction is guaranteed. His policy is: "Your money back if you want it." This year he has doubled his stock of Christmas goods and increased the number of his help. You can ramble through his large store and examine goods and not be pestered to buy. Need not buy unless you want to. See his Christmas ad. in this paper.

TULLYTOWN.

Appropos of a criticism by the Tullytown correspondent of the Advance, it becomes almost imperative to defend the position of the correspondent of this paper and in fact of newspapers in general.

The lines referred to are as follows: A sort of fad seems to have grown upon our local correspondent to notice every little homely neighborly call or brief visitation from friends abroad. We don't take much interest in these daily natural occurrences, in fact it is nobody's business and most folks don't care to be paraded around in the newspaper.

That such persons as those referred to are the most interesting portions of the newspaper to many readers cannot be gainsaid. These visits by friends and acquaintances to this borough, and trips of our residents to other places, are indeed of interest, for they serve to relieve the monotony of life, and deliver us from a flat and humdrum existence. They are the attractive and flowery spots that serve to vary what would otherwise be a dull and uninteresting life panorama.

The correspondent of this paper has ever been careful to avoid any persons involving scandal, endeavoring to furnish clean and wholesome news to the readers of the Gazette, and he has always believed, and up to the present writing sees no reason to change his opinion, that such matter is far more interesting to the average newspaper reader than the dreary drivel of an imaginary "town gossip" or the commonplace doings, such as the number of bees drunk per day, or other equally uninteresting acts, of a hypothetical "John." Some of the citizens of this borough admit that they read these articles in the Advance for no other reason than the pleasure of guessing as to their meanings. One of the guesses as to the current "John and Mrs. John" effusion in the Advance is, that the correspondent is writing an autobiography, but this is not only unkind but absurd, for the aforesaid John has of late been entirely too prone to church going and other demonstrations of holiness to be a real flesh and blood resident of this borough. The fact is, as before stated he is a simple myth, simple in more senses than one.

The writer will not be lured into writing nothings of any description for this column, and persons will appear as heretofore, for the following good and sufficient reasons: First, he believes that the readers of the Gazette want news. Second, he confesses his utter lack of the literary ability requisite to the production of such inane vapors as those that appear in the Tullytown notes of the Advance; and third and finally, he knows better than to send anything to the Gazette other than legitimate news and items of interest, for it would not be published.

The Tullytown correspondent of the Gazette will therefore continue to do business at the old stand in the same old way as heretofore, confining himself to legitimate news and live topics of interest whether of a public or personal nature.

Amid the hurry and bustle preceding the merry Christmas tide, while the majority of citizens are in consultation with Santa Claus about the presents he is to bring to friends and relatives, the politician is slowly but surely getting in his work, here and there, preparatory to the spring election. He gives a hint or drops a word now and again as to the advisability of nominating this one or that one. With the primaries less than a month off, things are beginning to snipe themselves politically, and every politician has a slate, at least, so the president of the County Club stated in the post office a few mornings ago. According to this eminent authority, there are three candidates for Justice of the Peace on the Republican ticket, candidates without number for the three vacancies in council, and four new aspirants for a place in the school board, where, while there will be two vacancies, it is generally conceded by Democrats as well as Republicans that Mr. Harrison Shafer, one of the retiring members, should be returned, as he is one of the most efficient school directors Tullytown has ever had, taking a most active interest in the affairs of the school, and devoting a large part of his time to visiting the school, and seeing that teachers as well as pupils have all the available advantages for imparting and receiving a good education.

The authority above quoted, it is believed, is somewhat astray in his slate making, which is directly traceable to the mental worry in which he and some of his fellow Democrats have indulged, as to what the Republicans will do next month at their convention. From what can be learned elsewhere, the aforesaid authority has exclusive information, and is really more enlightened than the alleged candidates themselves.

With the renewal of activity in local politics, the question naturally arises: What has become of the committee appointed to consider a change in the party rules relative to nominations for the county offices? Are the members trying to ascertain the true sentiment of the public in the matter?

The committee on very easily get at the matter, if such member will take the trouble to sound the Republicans residing in his own immediate vicinity and then compare notes with his associates. It was the intention of those who sincerely supported the resolution at the county convention that this should be done.

So far as can be learned by a pretty thorough canvass of this borough there is scarcely a man opposed to revision. The friends of revision of the rules should bestir themselves, and impress upon the members of the standing committee the necessity of voting straight in this matter. It is not long now to the time of meeting, and unless the question is agitated, it may be laid over till another year. The apathetic silence of "Colonel" J. F. Gillespie and his colleagues of the special committee is ominous, and occasions the suspicion to arise that this is exactly what the committee desires.

Considerable discussion has been heard in Tullytown during the past week as to the probable attitude of the members of the legislature from this county in the coming session, the immediate occasion being the article entitled "At It Again" which appeared in last week's Gazette. Captain Edwards is the only member of the legislature personally known to many of the residents of Tullytown, and while the lot of members of the present legislature is not altogether a desirable one, the friends of Captain Edwards here are prone to believe that

whatever way he votes, will be according to what he believes to be for the best interests of his constituents.

One of the most acceptable Christmas presents that could come to this town would be a crop of ice on the mill pond thick enough for harvesting. The labor of filling the ice house requires a considerable force of men, and puts money into the laborer's pocket in mid-winter when it is most needed. Indeed, so dependent are many of the residents of the borough upon this source of revenue in the winter, that a mild winter with no ice is a real calamity. Eight inch ice next week would mean a merry Christmas for many.

The ladies of the M. E. Church are busy in preparation for the fair which is to open next Saturday evening. From the present outlook, it promises to be the largest and most successful ever held here. Among the features of the entertainment will be a hat trimming contest for the men, a pie making contest by the men, and other interesting events, besides which there will be many beautiful art objects for sale, that will make very suitable Christmas presents.

The topic of Rev. William J. Wright at the Christian Church next Sunday morning will be, "Fatal Rocks and Wrecks upon the Shore," and in the evening, "Eyes that See, or Waiting for the Light."

The free annual Christmas entertainment of the Sunday school will be held on Saturday evening December 24. All are cordially invited to attend.

The regular meeting of the school board was held last Monday evening. A list of those pupils not attending the full time required by the compulsory education law was presented by the principal, Mr. Oscar Barron, and the trustee officer, Mr. Jacob J. Davis, took the matter in charge.

Mr. John Burton, Jr., has placed in his residence on Main street a new symphonium, and has entertained his friends with its music during the past week.

Mr. Jacob R. Davis has accepted a position as assistant to the car wheel inspector of the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. Thomas R. Owens has returned from Harrington, Del., where he has been assisting his father in the fall work on his farm.

Mrs. Arthur Denham of Philadelphia was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harper early in the week.

Mrs. Oliver Harper is confined to the house by illness. Her many friends hope for speedy recovery.

Mrs. Harry Simpson visited in Philadelphia during the fore part of this week.

Mr. Charles A. Ashton, Jr., has returned home after an absence of some weeks.

HULMEVILLE.

Mrs. C. T. Lawrence visited relatives in Trenton last week.

Mr. Rumpf has sold his trading horse to a party in the city.

Mrs. E. S. Hantsman spent a week at Washington, D. C.

A mothers' meeting was held in the Eden chapel last Saturday.

Mrs. Rebecca Meredith is visiting Mrs. Harry Johnson this week.

Mrs. Charles Afferbach visited her mother in the city on last Saturday.

Miss Annie Leedom visited friends in Hainesport, N. J., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Krusen, of Newtown, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leedom on last Sunday.

The members of the Horse Company are arranging for their annual New Years dinner.

The Christmas services of the M. E. Church will be held on Thursday evening, December 29th.

Miss Laura Hartzel, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sisters and friends in Hulmeville.

Ellis R. Hibbs, of Burlington, spent last Sunday with his parents in Langhorne Manor.

The ladies of St. Agnes Guild held a meeting at the home of Miss Jeanette R. Harrison last week.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church held a special meeting at the home of Mrs. Crossen this week.

Messrs F. D. Duffield and C. B. Smith held a public sale on Foster's farm at Scotsdale, near Nesquehanna Falls on Wednesday this week.

Miss Lizzie Douglass has placed in her store for sale a fine stock of Christmas goods. Her window display is very attractive to those interested in Christmas trees.

The Borough Council held its regular meeting last week. In addition to other business Mr. Frederick Afferbach was directed to superintend repairs to the streets.

Willie Afferbach, a small son of Mr. Charles Afferbach, is still in Samaritan Hospital, Philadelphia. He accidentally hurt his eye while using a fork and was taken to the city for treatment.

The supper and entertainment given by the ladies of the Langhorne M. E. Church on Friday evening of last week was attended by Mrs. Isabella Hillborn, Mrs. Laura V. Kirk, Mrs. Spencer B. Hibbs, Mrs. E. W. Martindell, Miss Marietta Staake, Miss Olive M. Hibbs and others of Hulmeville. The supper was nicely served and the entertainment interesting.

The school directors of Middletown held their regular monthly meeting on last Saturday afternoon. The teachers of the district held their regular meeting in the morning. Olive M. Hibbs, Effie Watson, Elizabeth Piper, Marion Lawson, Frances Toms, Anna R. Paxson and E. W. Martindell are the teachers who were present at the meeting. In addition to the regular school work, the following are some of the professional topics discussed: What is the End of Education? What relation does nature study have towards this end? What are the immediate ends in view in the nature lessons?

Pennsylvania Railroad Company will Issue Clerical Orders for 1899.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that the issue of clerical orders will be continued for the year 1899 on the same lines as in effect at present.

Application blanks may be obtained of ticket agents, and same should reach the General Office by December 30, so that orders may be mailed December 31 to clerical men entitled to receive them. Orders will be issued only on individual application of clerical men when made on blanks furnished by the Company and certified to by one of its agents.

PENN VALLEY.

Henry Mather is still seriously ill. Dr. Woodman, of Morrisville, is attending him.

Mrs. John Keeler and children were visiting her sister, Mrs. Oscar Barber, on Tuesday.

Charles P. Glover, Jr., who has spent several months at Mt. Airy, Md., returned home last week.

Thomas Glenn, who has been very sick, is much better, and is now able to drive his milk wagon again.

Mrs. J. H. Dickel spent a few days last week visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey Slack, of Yardley.

Good skating on Lovett's pond has afforded much enjoyment to many of our boys and girls since the present cold weather commenced.

A pet maltess cat which has lived in the family of the Rev. Chas. P. Glover for fourteen years, died last week. In the course of her long life pussy had traveled about 2,000 miles, and spent two summers in Maryland and one on the shore of Lake Erie.

Thomas Perry, our well-known dealer in both live and dead animals, is rejecting in the possession of two five dollar bills which he honestly made in a recent horse deal with a well-known Morrisville horse dealer. One of the "fives" Mr. Perry got with the horse "to boot," and the other was the result of a wager made some time before by another gentleman in Morrisville that Perry could not "stick" the above-mentioned dealer in a horse trade. Mr. Perry has a fine little pacer which the Morrisville dealer has wanted for some time, but which Mr. Perry would not trade for. Meeting Perry the other day when he had another horse closely resembling the pacer, but said to be utterly worthless, he again renewed his offer, which Perry gladly accepted. The Morrisville dealer now thinks it was a case of mistaken identity, and is reported to have said that he is always honest himself in a horse deal, and expected other people to be so too. The other Morrisville man, when he learned the facts, gladly paid the five dollar bet. It is said the Morrisville dealer is now seriously thinking of going out of the horse business and engaging in the lumber trade, while Mr. Perry still glides swiftly over the smooth and level (?) surface of the Bristol pike behind his little pacer.

FALLSINGTON.

Clarence Watson has improved so as to be able to attend to business.

The Yardley Review had a representative in the village on Saturday.

Our roads have all been cleared of snow and the travelling is as good as ever.

Samuel C. Eastburn, of Langhorne, made a business call in the village on Friday.

Charles T. Windle and family of Southampton were visitors at C. H. Carver's on Thursday.

Josiah Eastburn returned home from Virginia on Sunday morning with a very nice string of game.

The public schools will be allowed holiday week for a vacation this year. It has not been observed for a few years.

Plenty of skating for the young people again. The weather indications are such that there will be plenty of ice this winter.

We are promised a kinetoscope show in the M. E. Church on Saturday evening given under the management of Rev. Lewis Henry Storm, of Stroudsburg, Pa.

We have as yet a few belated farmers who have not husked all their corn. The celery crop was also caught by the cold wave and a greater part of it is not gathered.

John T. Fish visited Doylestown on Monday in connection with his coming duties as Register. At present he expects to reside in the village and travel to and from Doylestown daily.

Miss Lydia B. Price died very suddenly on Saturday morning at the age of 77 years. The funeral was held in the meeting house on Monday morning. A very large attendance was there from the village and surrounding country. She was very kind and good to the poor, and her loss will be felt by many.

(Additional correspondence on Fourth page.)

The Modern Mother has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy, than by any other. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Board and Rooms. Desirable rooms, all conveniences, furnished or unfurnished, with or without board, at reasonable rates. Also table boarders. Cor. Mill & Cedar streets, above Child's Grocery.

SYRUP OF FIGS
NEVER IMITATED QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

UNSURPASSED
WEST & CO'S
COFFEES

ROASTER

FROM THE

TO THE

SEALED PACKAGE.

WALTER WEST & CO.,

COFFEE ROASTERS,

TRENTON, - NEW JERSEY.

EITHER LOOSE OR IN NICE CLEAN ONE-POUND PARCHMENT PAPER PACKAGES.

INSIST

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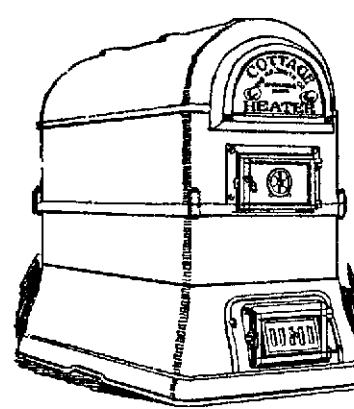
COFFEES.

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SOLD BY ALL RETAIL GROCERS.

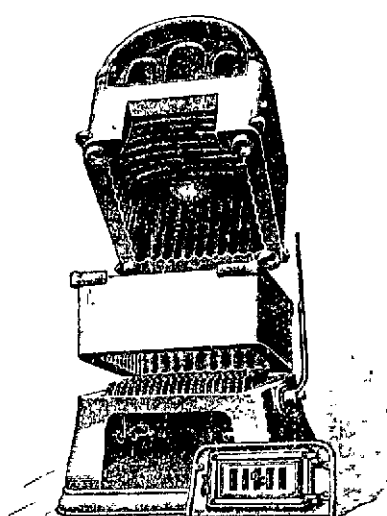
UNSURPASSED
WEST & CO'S
COFFEES

TIRED OF THAT OLD FURNACE



COTTAGE HEATER.

which is destroying your health and cutting into your pocket-book? If so, would it not be well to look into the merits of the Cottage and Mercer Steam and Hot Water Heaters. With this system of heating you avoid all dust and gas. The life-giving oxygen is not burned out of the air which you breathe. The cost of installment has been cut in two during the last two or three years, so that it is no longer a costly luxury, and moreover you save 25 per cent of fuel.

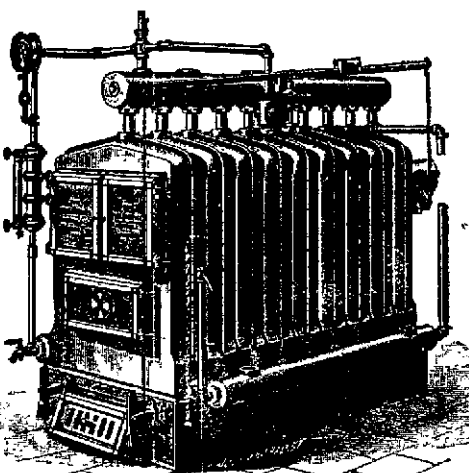


COTTAGE HEATER—Interior view.

We Are Successfully Improving Hot Air Furnaces,

adding to their efficiency where they fail to supply heat to distant rooms. We are also utilizing kitchen ranges for heating rooms with hot water. We shall be pleased to make plans and estimate for improving old systems or installing new. We have a well-equipped shop for pipe work of all kinds and carry a well assorted stock of pipe and fittings. In our machine shop we have facilities for

REPAIRING ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.

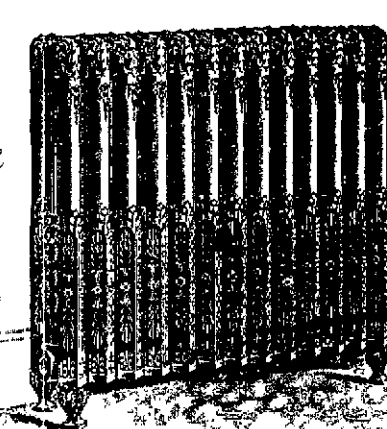


MERCER STEAM HEATER.

Electrical Work in its various branches.

We make a specialty of boiler repairs, retubing, etc.

We also design and build special machinery for inventors or others.



SOVEREIGN UNION RADIATOR.

S. B. ARDREY & SONS,

Machinery and Electrical Supplies.

Pond Street, Bristol, Pa.

A MINT OF ECONOMY

You can save money by calling on me for your next suit or overcoat. I give you the benefit of my experience in making a wise selection. I explain clearly and fully what a fabric is, where and how it is made, and what may be expected of it. I tell my prospective customer all I know about goods he contemplates ordering, and the most implicit reliance may be placed upon every word I say. Every stitch of the work that goes out of my store is done under my personal supervision. I see that every garment is

CUT ACCORDING TO EXACT MEASUREMENTS

without the slightest deviation. I see that every inch of material and every stitch of workmanship is the best, the most reliable, the most conscientious. I see that every garment fits precisely, and I have taken a full course of instruction in Garment Cutting at the John J. Mitchell Cutting School, of New York, which is the best cutting school in the world. I am very confident of pleasing the most critical. My prices are so moderate as to be within the reach of all, and my workmanship is the finest.

LADIES' COATS AND JACKETS

made to order. I will also remodel your coat to the present style. Ladies, now is your time to have your sleeves cut over to the present style for only 75c. Shorten Coat, 50c. Come have it attended to, because these big sleeves look out of place.

CLEANING, DYEING AND REPAIRING

neatly and promptly attended to. Your patronage solicited.

F. E. MILBURN, The Bristol Tailor,

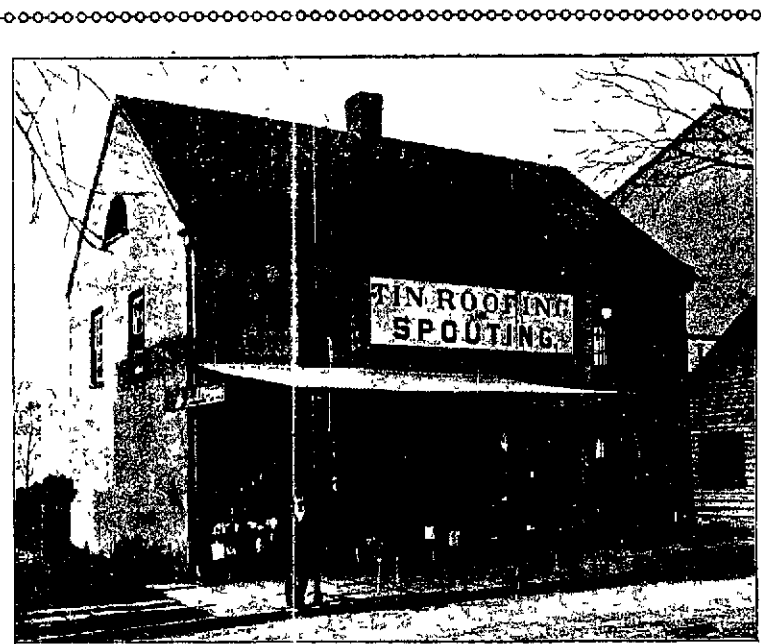
238 Mill Street, Near Wood, Bristol, Pa.

The Celebrated Apollo and Canopy Ranges.

CONCEDED TO HAVE NO EQUAL.

Fully as Low in Price as an Inferior Article.

Your neighbor has one, or ought to have one. Inquire there about its merits. If your neighbor has not one, inquire of us. We have not received a single complaint about these Ranges during the past sixteen years.



Improved Ranges, New Designs, Latest Equipments, Positively Perfect.

PATENT LINING FOR ANY KIND OF STOVES OR RANGES.

Tin Roofing, Copper, Sheet Iron and Metal Work,

HOT AIR FURNACES, PORTABLE AND BRICK SET RANGES.

LEWIS J. BEVAN,

No 10 Mill Street, Bristol, Penna.

GRAND DISPLAY

Holiday Goods, Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry and Silverware.

B. C. Foster,

RELIABLE JEWELER.

MILL and WOOD STS. On the Corner.

BRISTOL, PA.

The Best Made Cakes and Pies,

Baked by some reliable person, who can tell you just what they contain, and how they are made, of first-class material, are to be had for Christmas Day, or at any time, for Weddings, Parties or every day consumption, of

James Bennett, the Baker,

POND and WASHINGTON STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

HEADLEYS' PHARMACY

We Guarantee all of our Drugs and Chemicals to be Strictly Pure and Fresh, and the Best that money can buy as we deal only with First-class Houses and pay the best cash prices.

Try Headley's Dyspepsia Remedy.

We can give you testimonials from people at home. It cures Indigestion and Dyspepsia in all its forms.

Cry Headley's Headache Wafers

Headley's Malaria Remedy

Cures When For Neuralgia All Others and Headache Fall

HEADLEY'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Act on the Liver and Cure Constipation. They contain no mercury, and there is no bad effect from continued use.

As we have no Public Telephone we call all physicians Free of Charge, and give special attention to all prescriptions, day or night.

HARRY H. HEADLEY,

GRADUATE OF PHARMACY.
TELEPHONE NO. 34. COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

OYSTER AND CLAM Suggestions FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

There are so very many ways of serving oysters or clams at little additional cost that add materially to the thorough enjoyment and relish of this, the best dinner of the year, when turkey, chicken, duck or something else equally as tempting graces the table, that the meal is not complete without them in some form.

DEVILED Are served first and in small dishes or in their own shell. They should be browned nicely. The clams should have a little parsley and thyme chopped with them.

SCALLOPED make an excellent second dish to chicken or turkey, and form OYSTERS one of the most appetizing dishes obtainable. They should be cooked like your mother used to do.

FRIED Take those fine large oysters from Jeffries', opposite the post office, drain them on a towel, have ready crackers rolled to a powder and season highly with salt and pepper; also two well beaten eggs. First dip them in the egg and then in the cracker crumbs. Have a frying pan of boiling lard and fry pretty brown. Place on a dish nicely garnished with parsley.

TURKEY STUFFED WITH OYSTERS If you faste them cooked that way once they will always hanker for turkey to go with oysters.

100 select stewing oysters, 60c.
100 Rockaways, \$1.50.

100 fine large prime oysters, \$1.35.
100 Cape May clams, 80c.

E. A. JEFFRIES,

Opposite Postoffice, Bristol, Pa.

Delivered free to any part of town or on boat or trolley.

What Do You Pay?

Best 10c lb Sugar Cured Hams,	9c lb
Paris Brand Maine corn,	10c can
New York Sweet Cider,	17c gal
Good Loose Muscatel Raisins,	6c lb
Princess Paper Shell Almonds,	25c lb
Soft Shell Almonds,	20c lb
Fancy Figs, 1 lb tied with ribbon,	18c pkg
Wagner's Early Garden Peas,	9c can
Sunburst Maine style Corn,	8c can

COFFEE.

Golden Rio,	15c lb
Peaberry Santos,	18c lb
Best Laguayra,	23c lb
Fancy Java,	32c lb

M. A. Thompson

234 Radcliffe St
Bristol, Pa.

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

INTERESTING HOLIDAY CUSTOMS IN THE FAR EAST.

Festivities Over the Return of the Sun That Somewhat Resemble the Festivities of Christmas Land—The Angel of Light.

(Copyright, 1888, by the Author.)

THE festive popular at Christmas time are of great antiquity. The feast of Yule was held long before the time of King Solomon. To our Gotho-Germanic ancestors living in the north of Europe it was the festival of the winter solstice, when the days begin to lengthen and to hint at coming spring. The Yule log, the drinking bowl or horn, the boar's head, the holly, mistletoe and evergreen were then symbols of material rather than spiritual truths. The American, Scandinavian, German and Englishman keep up the ancient custom, while the Latin races seem to know nothing about it. They celebrate New Year's day, and do it in the same fashion as we do at Christmas.

The Chinese and Japanese came centuries ago from Mongolia and Siberia, their early life not original home. Living in a land whose winter brought snow and ice, they also noticed and rejoiced over the solstice and the return of the sun. Their merriment took the form of eating, drinking and generous hospitality and developed into a great festival like our own. By degrees it was transferred to their New Year's, where it still remains.

Yet even today the astrologers notice the solstice in their almanacs, horoscopes and tables, and in the last week of the month are two festivals, whose nature is charmingly poetic. About Dec. 26 is that of the genius of the north (who is the evil spirit of ice and winter's privation) and about Dec. 28 is that of the angel of sunlight. In the same week is the day of Chang Shu, the tutelary deity of parenthood, to whom young married couples pray for healthy male issue. The first and second are the equivalents of Yule, the pre-Christian Yule. The first contains an element of humor. The Mongolian is gladly bidding goodly to the cruel ice spirit. He does not wish the latter to see his lively jest spiritual vengeance be aroused and a cold spell in March or April ruin the crops. So he puts little cups of fragrant tea, plates of sliced boiled chicken and pieces of roasted spiced pork on a well carved table where the winter ghost can regale himself with comfort. But at the same time, to prevent his invisible visitor playing any pranks, John Chinaman pastes written talismans on the wall, burns joss sticks in groups of three at every point vulnerable to malicious goblins and even fastens a porcelain charm to his roof-tree.

When it comes to the festival of the angel of light, the observant traveler can see the spirit of Yule shine out in Chinese colors. In place of the Yule log, there is a steaming pot of tea; for the boar's head there is a young pig roasted; for the punch bowl and drinking horn there is a wicker covered bottle and a graceful wine pitcher filled with some strange but aromatic stimulant. The mistletoe and holly are replaced by bouquets and garlands of artificial flowers, and here and there are pots of blooming narcissi or even a rosebush.

On the family altar, and nearly every Chinaman, no matter how poor, has his own altar, before which he prays and makes silent repentance, are burning incense sticks, a bronze casket with smoldering sandalwood within, a lighted candle and often a flaming votive candle, gay in scarlet and gold. At the temple a throng visits the angel's particular shrine. Some explode fireworks in her honor. Others ignite packs of joss sticks in gratitude for her favors the past year and in hope of their continuance during the harvest to come. Then come those who seek the angel to be present at the funeral of a parent or child, the marriage of a son, the setting out on a journey, the bedside of a sick-room. After prayer the poor priests and servants of the temple are remembered in a few small coins. A bundle of prayer papers is burned in the great iron or bronze urn of the temple stairs, and the religious ceremony is over for the day. The good man or woman goes home content that the spirit of the north is disarmed and the angel of light placated.

WILLIAM E. S. FALKER.

Old Time Firemen. Fifty years and more ago, when New York and many other cities relied upon the members of their volunteer fire department to put out fires, the ambition of each company was to be first at a fire and most efficient in subduing the flames.

One old time fireman says that nothing now can rouse in him the excitement which never failed to come at the sound of the fire alarm.

"Business, meals and health were of small account compared to a call to join the fire engine," this veteran says, with a retrospective sigh. "The night of my wedding there was a fire, but it came right in the middle of the marriage service and I had to miss it. However, there was one early the next morning while we were eating breakfast, and I went. No bride was so exacting as to expect to keep her husband at her side when the fire department had use for him in those days. There were no salaries in those days. The firemen paid for the painting and decorating of their honored engines and for such repairs as were needed from time to time. In the days before cities were divided into districts the volunteer firemen, added to active service on the field of the conflagration, frequently had a good deal of preliminary exercise in the way of running before they discovered where their services were needed.—Youth's Companion.

The Christmas Spirit. The Turk turned away in disgust, refusing to believe that he was face to face with an English prince, and left with the conviction that he had been hoaxed.—Youth's Companion.

Made the Hymn True. In a small village in the south of England is a church which, owing to the absence of gas, is lit up by candles. For the convenience of the minister a candle is placed each side of the reading desk in the pulpit, in front of which the choir sits. The person in this particular church had a habit of swinging his arms about whenever he was speaking to give emphasis to his words.

One Sunday night the latter was reading out the hymn,

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings,
When with a powerful sweep of his arm
He knocked down one of the candles into the open mouth of one of the members of the choir beneath. The sputtering that ensued was somewhat terrific. There the pastor in a Christian surprise that night.

—London Globe.

"Peace on earth, eh?" growled old Oursky to his wife the day after Christmas.

"Peace on earth, eh? And you bought that boy a drum!"

A Yuletide Dream.

Holiest night of holy nights,
Filled with visionary sights
From all sweet and softly lore
Treasured in the books of yore!
So it chimed, in my young age,
From a legendary page
Late I read one Christmas eve;
Such a spell the book did weave
When my chamber I had sought,
Out of gentle sleep, methought,
On a sudden I awoke.
Lull! Was it a spirit spoke,
Or was it the lingering froth,
Where the pane was thick embossed?
Then I saw, or seemed to see,
Shining in the moonlight
Roses—roses white and red—
Through the moonlit chamber shed,
Flows in the yearning
Into an angel's sweet cheer,
Smiling on her tranceful eyes,
And a music from the skies
Through the roof-tree rings
Came and went in death divine!
Thus, of wondrous Yule nights all,
This most wondrous did befall.
—New York Herald.

Christmas Postal Don'ts.

Don't fail to put your own name and address on every piece of mail, preceded by the word "From."

Don't send a parcel without previously weighing it to ascertain the proper amount of postage.

Don't wrap a parcel with such material or in such manner that the wrapper may become torn and separated from the contents.

Don't seal or wrap parcels in such manner that their contents may not be easily examined.

Don't mail parcels to foreign countries without special inquiry concerning the regulations governing foreign addressed mail matter.

Don't attempt to send merchandise to foreign countries by "parcels post" unless you are sure of the regulations governing the country addressed and the manner of mailing matter thereto.

Don't fail to give the full address, street and number, town, city and country of destination.

Don't send sealed packages to Mexico and Canada.

Don't mail jewelry to foreign countries.

Don't place handkerchiefs, neckerchiefs or other merchandise in packages of printed matter.

Don't use tags or labels, as they become separated from packages.

Don't seal up packages containing photographs, pictures, Christmas cards, "Photo Yule's," "Printed Matter" or "Parcels Post."

Don't mail packages on the street letter box, or they may never reach the postoffice.

Don't fail to see that the postage stamps are firmly affixed to your packages.—Philadelphia Times.

The Glastonbury Thorn.

At Glastonbury abbey, in Somersetshire, England, once stood a thorn tree which, it is said, blossomed every Christmas morning. The first authentic account of it ever written was in 1772 by a visitor who tells of it in the account of his visit to the abbey.

The legend asserts that St. Joseph of Arimathea landed not far from the town, at a place where there was formerly an oak that had been planted to his memory, that he and his companions marched to a hill and rested themselves, and that Joseph stuck his staff in the ground. Now, this staff was a common dry hawthorn stick, but it grew and first came into full flower on Christmas day. Afterward the tree, which thus grew and budded like Aaron's rod, always blossomed on the day of our Lord's nativity and upon other day, the flower, like those of the night blooming cereus, lasting but a few hours.

Many queer stories have been told of the "miraculous thorn of Glastonbury." It was said that if the chips from it were planted they would sprout and grow into palm trees, that the leaves cured all inflammations, swellings, etc., and that "reds" cut from it would never leave marks on the children corrected by their ears.

An Algonquin Superstition.

Most Christian countries, in some form or another, have the tradition regarding the cattle kneeling in their stalls on Christmas eve. It seems strange that the Algonquin Indians, north of Lake Temiscamingue, who have not been brought into touch with Christian civilization to any great extent, should possess a legend so similar to the ancient Christian story. Such, however, is the case, and hunters who have been in that northern country during the Christmas season have been surprised to see the Indians steal out in the woods on Christmas night and hide among the trees that they might catch a glimpse of the deer kneeling in the snow. On this night the Chipewyan, the Algonquin and his neighbor do not shoot or trap any of these animals, believing that at such times the deer are falling on their knees and looking up in worship to Manitou, the Great Spirit.

He Would Not Believe It. There is at times excuse for incredulity. A certain representative of the Sultan of Turkey on occasion was perhaps to be excused for unbelief.

It was when the Duke of York—now the heir to the English throne and the commander of a battleship—was a young man and his ship was in Turkish waters. The story is vouched for by Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, under whom Prince George served.

The vessel called at a Turkish port to coal, and during this operation a representative of the Sultan came to pay his respects to his royal highness. He was courteously received by the captain, but in response said that it was for the prince he was intended.

"I am in command," said Sir Frederick, "and the prince is an officer, but here he comes."

At that moment the queen's grandson, who was in command of the sailing party, and who was noted for energy in the performance of his duties, came up. That he was in command of the sailing party needed not to be explained to the visitor. The fact was apparent. He was as black as any of the men.

The Turk turned away in disgust, refusing to believe that he was face to face with an English prince, and left with the conviction that he had been hoaxed.—Youth's Companion.

Made the Hymn True.

In a small village in the south of England is a church which, owing to the absence of gas, is lit up by candles. For the convenience of the minister a candle is placed each side of the reading desk in the pulpit, in front of which the choir sits. The person in this particular church had a habit of swinging his arms about whenever he was speaking to give emphasis to his words.

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—London Globe.

FLOGGING IN SIBERIA.

FEARFUL TORTURE TO WHICH CONVICTS ARE LIABLE.

The Story of the Mercilessly Brutal Knout—As Told by a Russian Surgeon—The Worst Criminals Chosen to Withstand the Lash.

Passing along a gloomy passage of the Alexander prison, whose walls are covered with black and white stripes, the strong scent of pine cones growing on the floor, we find at the end of the corridor chairs and tables for the authorities who witness the infliction of the punishment. Among the officials are a lawyer, the chief of the prison and the surgeon, and a little way off is placed the "block" of threatening aspect, behind which stands the warden of the knout, who awaits his victim with a cruel smile. The knout is apparently intended to make the situation all the more impressive. He wears a tall white head covering, soft felt shoes, a blood red shirt with its sleeves turned up, and a black coat with a high collar. Along the one wall stands a row of convicts with smoothly shaved heads, and facing them is a long line of warders armed with loaded revolvers in the hand. The knout, as of the great, solitary stands all present, is broken from time to time by the rattling of the handcuffs and the log floggers and by a fierce cough or the rattling of the papers upon the table of the prison governor.

"Who will be the next?" is the question that is all too clearly to be read upon the deathlike features of the "arrestants."

"Sidorov" is called out by the governor in a quiet, restrained voice. Sidorov stands unsteadily and with an increasing terror and rattling of his chains out of the line of gray, long felt coats. I note his lips growing pale and the fear in his widely opened eyes, as though he wore a hunted wild beast.

"Lie down!" is the command. Hastily making the sign of the cross on his breast, Sidorov lies down at length on the bench and throws back his arms around it. He is then bound by leather thongs to the bench, and his hands are tied together beneath it.

"How many?" asks the warden charged with counting the strokes.

"Twenty," is the quick answer of the governor.

"Look out!" or "Pull yourself together," forms the general remark of the knout wielder, and the next moment the blows are raining in fearful thrills upon the bare back of Sidorov, who utters heart rending shrieks. One, two, three—the warden calls aloud the tale of the strokes, every one of which is always a follow knock on the culprit. The cry that at first followed every stroke has gradually become an unbroken howl and roar, and warders must have strong nerves if they can endure further the hideousness of this terrible infliction of punishment.

This sort of chastigation is inflicted upon convicts whenever it is ordered by the law or by the police and local authorities. The dispenser of blows is always a fellow prisoner, the prisoners themselves, and in his hands the fate of the delinquent may be said literally to lie. The knout consists of a thick wooden stick, to which is fastened a strongly plaited lash, about 30 inches long and 2 inches wide, and this thing is cut so as to form three lashes at its end. A convict who rotates the smallest degree of human feeling can never be induced to undertake this office, and thus only the most depraved and hardened criminals are chosen for the dread work. To these inhuman creatures the courts of Russia inflict human life. It is in their power to inflict only light punishment upon the condemned, to make him a cripple for the rest of his days or to send him to his grave on the spot, and yet the officials never deem it necessary to put any restraint on these floggers. The experienced floggers are really skilled at their work. If they wish to show any mercy to the delinquent, they rain blows on his body with the middle part of the whip, while the cruel tips of it fall beyond the prisoner and on the bench, but the knout never is so gentle. The experienced floggers are really skilled at their work. If they wish to show any mercy to the delinquent, they rain blows on his body with the middle part of the whip, while the cruel tips of it fall beyond the prisoner and on the bench, but the knout never is so gentle. The experienced floggers are really skilled at their work. If they wish to show any mercy to the delinquent, they rain blows on his body with the middle part of the whip, while the cruel tips of it fall beyond the prisoner and on the bench, but the knout never is so gentle. The experienced floggers are really skilled at their work. 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CHRISTMAS GREENS.

How Holly and Mistletoe Came Into Use.

A Christmas without its greens would be like a winter without snow or a wedding without bells. The popular custom of decorating our homes with evergreens and holly and mistletoe has come down through the long centuries out of the twilight shadows of early Roman mythology hallowed with poetic associations. At the annual approach of the saturnalia, the Roman feast and revel in honor of Saturn, it was the habit of the people of Rome to dress their temples and dwellings with green boughs. To the Romans these greens were merely the emblem of the returning life and foliage of the spring, to which the children of sun and earth looked forward with a certain southern restfulness. The same practice, though partaking of a more religious character, existed among the Celtic Druids, the holly and the mistletoe being regarded as possessing certain sacred and magical virtues. It was also an old Druidic tradition that the cross had been made of the wood of the mistletoe, which originally was a forest tree. After the crucifixion, they said, it was blessed and condemned to possess certain sacred and magical virtues. It was also an old Druidic tradition that the cross had been made of the wood of the mistletoe, which originally was a forest tree. After the crucifixion, they said, it was blessed and condemned to possess certain sacred and magical virtues. It was also an old Druidic tradition that the cross had been made of the wood of the mistletoe, which originally was a forest tree. After the crucifixion, they said, it was blessed and condemned to possess certain sacred and magical virtues.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Under the mistletoe. As for holly, on the other hand, Pliny tells how the Romans endowed it with supernatural powers, planting it near their dwellings that they might not be struck by lightning, and the Latin writer, Lucianus, said it was very good for a witch in the night. The steadily increasing demand for these Christmas greens has given birth to a new industry of no insignificant proportions. Some idea of the quantity of mistletoe that is made use of each Christmas may be judged by the fact that a great city like London or New York imports over 100 tons each Yuletide. But the mystic mistletoe which we hang on our own chandeliers and under which we essay the most audacious initial exercises is really a native of the European continent and is known to the botanist and florist as Phoradendron flavescens. It is smaller, both in berry and leaf, than the English plant, but one can kiss just as many girls under it as one can under the genuine European plant.

American mistletoe is found in great quantities in New Jersey and southward through the Carolinas, in New Mexico and in the Indian Territory. Here it is gathered, packed in crates or barrels and shipped to the distributing agencies in the larger cities. The English mistletoe, however, on account of its pearly white berries and its larger leaves, is more sought after, and great quantities are shipped in crates each year from Liverpool. The price it brings in American markets by the pound is usually from 25 to 30 cents. Most of the holly used in America at Christmas comes from Maryland, Virginia and the neighboring southern states. A certain amount of English holly is imported, but the shipments of this glossy leafed plant across the herring pond are annually decreasing. The American holly will sometimes grow to a height of 40 feet. As each year holly enters more and more into domestic decoration, the quantities both in the church and the household, the immense quantity that is shipped north each winter from the temperate southern states has given birth to a new and important industry. The increased demand for mistletoe has led to the cultivation of this sticky seeded parasite. Cultivators of the plant make a V shaped incision in the bark of ordinary fruit trees or in that of maple, poplar or basswood and insert the seeds in the cavity. As the mistletoe is a parasite, it lives on the sap of other trees, in a few weeks the plant begins its growth. Its berries are about the size of currants, white and translucent and filled with a viscid juice which serves the purpose of attracting the seed to the branches or bark of trees during the process of germination. JOHN LE CLAIR.

Sir Colin Campbell. Russian horsemen were coming on fast, and a grim silence fell on the highlanders. Then, as the beat of the hostile troops sounded deeper and louder, a curious quiver ran down the long two deep line of the Ninety-third. The men were told to turn forward and charge. "Ninety-third, Ninety-third!" rang out the fierce voice of Sir Colin Campbell. "D—n all that eagerness!" He had previously ridden down the line and told his soldiers: "Remember, there is no retreat from here, men. You must die where you stand." And from the killed privates came the cheerful answer, "Aye, aye, Sir Colin; we'll do that!"

The Russians were now within range, and the fire of the highlanders rang out sudden and sharp. A few horses and men came tumbling down, and the Russian cavalry wheeled instantly to the left, threatening the right flank of the highlanders. Campbell, a cool and keen soldier, saw the skill of this movement. "Shadwell," he said, turning to his aid-de-camp, "that man understands his business." So, too, did Campbell, who instantly deflected his line so as to protect his right, and met the advance with a destructive volley, before which the Russian horsemen at once fell back.—CORNELL MAGAZINE.

Rained by Mules. M. P. Le Grand, an Alabama farmer, says that many negroes in the south are rained by mules, and he thinks he has proved it. He owns a great deal of farm land, which he rents to negroes on condition that they shall do their work with an ox instead of a mule. As a result, all his tenants are prosperous and pay their rent promptly. The ox, he explains, is entirely capable in all the requirements of the cotton field, but he has his limitations, and his colored master does not think of mauling him and riding off on useless errands or pleasure trips. As the negro cannot ride to distant churches, cake walks or "hoe downs," and as he will not walk, he goes to bed and is rested and ready for labor in the morning.

So far as the inference from this experiment goes, the negro, plus a mule, is a shifthead and charitable citizen, but eliminate the mule and substitute an ox, and he becomes regular in his habits, businesslike and prosperous.—New York Tribune.

The polar currents contain less salt than those from the equator. Afghan women are never jealous of each other.

MABEL'S CIGAR.

A CHRISTMAS TALE BY ERNEST JARROLD.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]



OM RAFFERTY.

OM RAFFERTY was killed before Santiago. The bullet which ended Tom's earthly pilgrimage also shattered a 5-cent cigar and perforated a tin type of the little daughter Mabel. The cigar was the last token of affection given by Mabel to her father before he was marched away to war. Many a night, when chafing for a smoke, had Tom taken the poor cigar out of the pocket-book. The cigar was the last token of affection given by Mabel to her father before he was marched away to war. Many a night, when chafing for a smoke, had Tom taken the poor cigar out of the pocket-book. The cigar was the last token of affection given by Mabel to her father before he was marched away to war.

His comrades in Company E all knew the story of the cigar, and when his body was found in the chapparal and the shattered cigar in his pocketbook it was handed with tender reverence as a sacred thing, to be returned to Tom's wife in the tall east side tenement in New York city. There was mourning in the house of Tom Rafferty's widow for many days after the tidings of his death, together with the pocketbook, reached her. How wonderful the forgetfulness of childhood saved Mabel from the brooding sorrow which consumed her mother. But why her father had not smoked the cigar she could not understand. Neither could she appreciate why he had always taken it to his room. The idea of her father being happy in any place where he could not smoke was ridiculous to her childish fancy, for she could not remember her father in his hours of ease without a cigar in his mouth. But the cigar, with the hole made by the Mauser rifle ball through the middle, was placed, with the other little mementoes of the dead man, in the bottom drawer of the bureau, where it was hidden from Mabel's sight for many months. Her mother, however, saw it very often. When weary of the terrible fight with poverty, in the evening when Mabel was asleep, Mrs. Rafferty often took the cigar out of its hiding place and caressed it with lingering tenderness because it brought her sweet memories of her "brave lad," as she was fond of calling her dead husband.

It was June when Tom was killed, and now that her pay was stopped poverty pinched the little family severely. Especially was this true when the winter months came and the expense of fuel was added to the general outlay from Mrs. Rafferty's slender earnings, and when December came she told Mabel Santa Claus would probably not pay them his usual visit because he had gone away to his country and could not get back again in time.

"And won't papa have any Christmas present either?" asked Mabel anxiously. "No, my dear," replied Mrs. Rafferty, with a sighing lip. "He is in heaven. Santa Claus never goes there. But never mind, Mabel, we won't worry about it."

But all the time Mabel was thinking how wretched her papa would be in heaven, especially his Christmas, and with this thought of the cigars there flashed across her mind a plan so bold, so audacious, that it nearly took her breath away. Fortunately for the carrying out of her plan, which she had conceived in her childhood, she had a very good helper in her mother.

It was a sorrowful Christmas eve for Mrs. Rafferty. She was now living on memories. She recalled the happiness of the previous Christmas time when Tom was with her. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she took out of the bureau all of the mementoes of the departed—the tear stained package of letters he had sent her from Cuba, the picture of Mabel with the bullet hole through the breast and, last, the cigar. Grieved by her grief, she threw herself upon the bed, forgetting in her anguish to replace the keepsakes in their customary hiding place.

Christmas day broke bright and clear over the city. In her preparation for breakfast in the kitchen Mrs. Rafferty forgot that she had left her precious mementoes exposed upon the bureau. Just as she closed the door softly behind her on her way to the grocery Mabel awoke. While putting on her clothing she saw the cigar upon the bureau. She peered into the kitchen and saw that her mother was gone. With her heart beating a lively tattoo against her ribs she seized the cigar and ran down the stairs.

Feeling that they saw a little girl fit by with eager face and disappear in the crowd. How sad got there was always a mystery, but within an hour after leaving home she stood before a delivery window in the New York postoffice. The top of her golden head just reached the window ledge. The clerk looked down into a pair of wistful blue eyes.

"Please, sir," said Mabel, "I want to send a Christmas present to my papa."

"What is your papa, you little cherub?" said the clerk.

"In heaven," replied Mabel simply.

"In heaven?" echoed the clerk aghast. "Yes, and mamma says Santa Claus never goes there, so I want to send him a present all by myself. Mamma don't know anything about it, and nobody can't know but me. I want to send it all myself." And she laid upon the window ledge a little roll of brown paper. The clerk opened it and displayed a most respectable cigar. He bit his lip. He had a little daughter of his own at home. Seeing his hesitation, the tears filled Mabel's eyes as she exclaimed:

A Common Dancer.

If you have ever had a cold which you permitted to "wear away" it may interest you to know it was a dangerous proceeding. Every cold and cough which is neglected paves the way for consumption, bronchitis, asthma or emphysema. (Ho's Cure, the famous German throat and lung remedy, will cure any cough or cold and save you from consumption. Sold by Harry H. Headley. Prices 25c and 50c. per bottle.)

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. E. Martin, Harry H. Headley.

Keep Posted.

If you want to keep in touch with the Orient, Alaska, the Klondike, and the Pacific Coast, subscribe for the Tacoma Daily Ledger, the best advertising medium in the Pacific Northwest. Address: THE TACOMA DAILY LEDGER, Tacoma, Washington.

Lodge room in Pythian Hall for rent. Largest and best equipped room in town. Also room for entertainments. Furniture complete. Full equipment of dishes, tables, kitchen utensils, etc. For terms apply to L. C. WETTING, W. H. P. HALL, Trustees, GUSTAV RAYNER.

Hood's COUPON Calendar 1899

"AN AMERICAN GIRL" is a perfect beauty, patriotic, up to date. Subject: One of the handsomest pieces of color work issued this year. Lithographed, with border of army and navy emblems embossed in gold. Leave your name with your druggist and ask him to save you a copy or send 6 cents in stamps for one to C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. [Mention this paper.]

Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine for the Blood and the Best that Money Can Buy. Hence take only Hood's.

We Make a Specialty

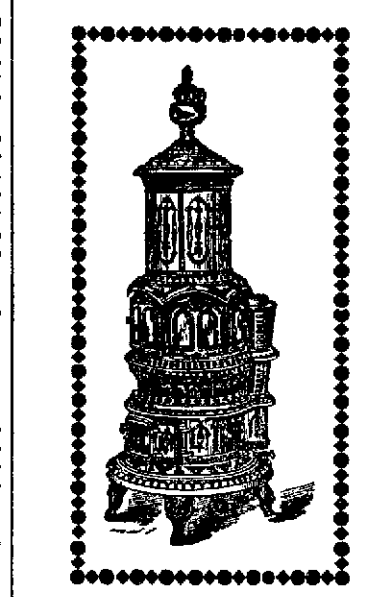
of the finest quality, Ice Refined Lard (Norwegian) COD LIVER OIL, buying it direct from the importer in original tin-lined barrels.

We claim without exception, that no better oil is made or sold anywhere. We invite the closest inspection with any other brands.

1 pint bottles, 25c. 1 pint bottles, 50c. Or in bulk. EMLEN MARTIN, Druggist, 213 Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.

W. A. GIRTON, DEALER IN

STOVES, TINWARE, and HARDWARE SUPPLIES.



TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

815 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Charles H. Young, 237 Franklin St., Bristol, Pa.

GENERAL HOUSECLEANER, GARDENER, WHITEWASHER, WAITER, ETC., respectfully solicits a share of your patronage.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co. BRISTOL, Pa., Dec. 5, 1898.

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders of this bank for the election of directors, and other business, will be held at the Banking House on Monday, January 10, 1899, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 12 o'clock, noon. CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Grand Ball... AT A. O. H. HALL, Friday Eve., Dec. 23.

Music by First-Class Orchestra From Philadelphia. J. Schiavetti, Conductor.

Tickets, 50c. Admitting Gentlemen and Lady.

THE VERDICT. Of Thousands. "Stretches Balm" is a life saver because a general destroyer. Stretches Balm. 25c. and 50c. Sold by all Druggists or Grocers. J. E. J.



Holiday Handkerchiefs.

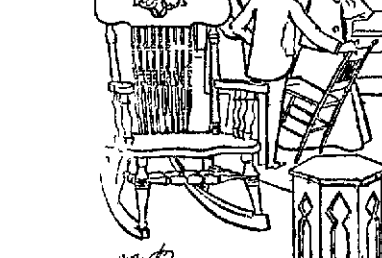
Splendid handkerchief values are here, in all qualities, by the single one or dozen, and put up in boxes if you want them.

How would a Lamp do?

These bright helps to home beauty are shown more vividly than ever before. Handsome Lamps, these. Pick at random from this great showing and you cannot go wrong.

Elegant Umbrellas.

From 45c. to \$3.50. The sort of a gift that is always appreciated. Never before such an array of umbrella goodness. From the plainest to the most extravagantly executed handle designs. They're all alike—good.



Parlor Rockers

Are made in such a variety of shapes and grades that it is impossible to mention them here, except to say they are all attractive in design and price.

Gloves for her.

A most appropriate present for mother or sister, or somebody else's sister. A pair of Kid Gloves! What's more appreciated?

Slippers

For the Holidays at 75 cts., \$1 and \$1.25. GOOD SCHOOL SHOES for both boys and girls at 85c. \$1 \$1.25. A FULL LINE OF

Men's and Women's Shoes

Also a full line of first class Rubbers. FROM \$1.00 to \$4.00.

M. E. McOWEN, 425 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Candy

CANDY MADE FOR FAIRS CANDY TO SELL AGAIN CANDY FOR THE STOCKING

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Foreign and Domestic Fruits Nuts of all kinds

ROBERT HADFIELD, Manufacturer 327, Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Wishing You...

A Merry Christmas

And A... Happy New Year

BREWIN, The Tailor, 128 MILL STREET.

CLOTHING MADE RIGHT AND EVERY GARMENT GUARANTEED...

CLEANING and REPAIRING.

F. P. BREWIN

The Sound of Holiday Bustle

Is heard in our store, and the wise buyers are here in numbers making early selections for gifts.

Dry Goods, Novelties, Etc., that surpass in beauty, quality and variety anything we have ever offered before.

Novelties in Leather.

Purses, Pocket-books, Clutchbags and numerous new novelties are here in bewildering assortment. Men's Wallets, Men's Strap Books, Music Rolls, etc.

Stationery.

A great profusion of decorative Desk Ornaments and writing help has been gathered for your holiday picking. Usable articles, all of them—beautiful withal.

Toilet Articles.

Novelties in the Toilet Article Section. Suggestions for gifts in dazzling variety. Come, look twice at the assortment and prices, then go and compare around town. We shall expect you back.

Scarfs and Pillow Shams

Should be thought of in making up the holiday things to be purchased. Shams, from \$1.00 pair up. Bureau Scarfs, from 50c. up.

Practical Gifts.

Collar and Cuff Boxes, Celluloid, decorated, Satin lined. Celluloid Work Boxes with complete fittings. Celluloid Toilet Cases containing brush, comb and mirror.

China and Glassware.

There is food for thought in every one of the Dinner Sets we are selling. Chamber Sets from \$2.25 to \$8.00. Jardinières in a large assortment.

Blankets.

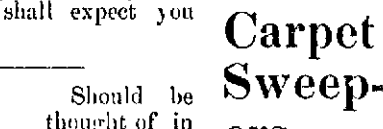
From 48c. pair up to \$6.00 a pair. Nothing more useful, and certainly a very great addition in comfort for cold nights.

Oil Cloth.

Oil Cloth at 25c. per Yd. makes a cheap but remarkably durable floor covering. The designs are all bright and beautiful.

Carpet Sweepers.

Just the thing for a Christmas gift. It lightens the work for all the year.



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